

THE
MVSES-TEARES
FOR THE LOSSE OF
THEIR HOPE; HEROICK
AND NERE-TOO-MVCH

praised, HENRY, Prince
of Wales. &c.

Together with TIMES Sobs
for the vntimely death of his Glory
in that his Darling: and, lastly,
his Epitaphs.

CONSECRATED

To the high and mighty Prince, Frederick
the fift, Count-palatine of Rhoyn. &c.

Where-vnto is added,

Consolatory STRAINES to wrest NATVRE
from her bent in immoderate mourning; most
loyally, and humbly wisht to the KING
and QUEENES most excellent
MAIESTIES.

BY

IOHN DAVIES of Hereford, *their Maiesties*
poore Beads-man, and Vassall.

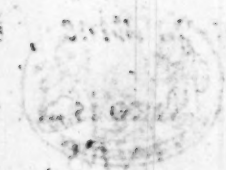
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THE
OFFICE OF THE
SHERIFF OF THE COUNTY OF
SHERIFF

IN THE
MATTER OF
THE ESTATE OF
JAMES M. HARRIS
DECEASED

ADMINISTRATOR
OF THE ESTATE
OF THE DECEASED
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THE MVSES TEARES,

for the high, Heroik, and neuer-
too-much praised, HENRY,
Prince of Wales, &c.

THE *H A N D* of *heaven* (as *quick*, as it is *strong*,
And moues this *A L L*, to all it moues vnto:)
Hath turn'd our *hopes*, to *feares*, (and *griefes* among)
In his *Lifes L I N E*, which it did late vndo.
Princely-perfection being past the prime,
And, neare the highest grow'th (O dismall turne!)
Is turn'd into the *Roote*, this *Winter-time*,
Ner'e to retire till *G O D* in *Flesh* returne!
He, ypon whome the *Nations* Eyes were bent
As on a most auspicious blazing-*Starre*
Is now extinguish'd; yet, the light hee lent,
Fore-shew'd he would haue thundred lowd, in *War*;
For, in his *Eares* no *musick* sweet did sound,
But *Trumpets*, *Drummes*, and *Phifes*: and, at his *meate*,
(While they did others hearing but confound)
They solac'd his; and made his *stomake* great!
Th'expertest *Fortifier*, and *Engineere*
He sought; who taught him either *skill*, so young,
That he his Teachers taught: so, did appeare
Too ripe, too soone, to last (so ripe) too long!
And, in all exercise of *Armes* he was
Vnmatch'd by any of his yeares: For, He
Past *subjects* so, as he did *subjects* passe,
In *Birth*, *Mind*, *Vertue*, *Glory*, and *Degree*!

MVSES TEARES.

The *Doing-Horse* (all Eyes can witnesse it)
 He made much more than *Do*: yet; sate so sure
 As they (but where are they that so can sit?)
 That back the wildest *Beasts*, yet, sit secure!
 In few; no *Feate* of such *Actiuitie*
 As graced *Action*, and the *Actor* too,
 But it (with most admir'd *Agility*)
 He did past all that best, so young, could do!
 With *Arts* and *Letters* hee so stor'd his MIND
 That both knew all therein, y'er *Youth* could know:
 So, *Arte* and *Nature* were as *Curst*, as *Kind*,
 To *Cleane* so to him, and to *Leaue* him so!
 His *Spirit* and *Body* were at endlesse strife
 Which should be *Actiu'st* in all Princely *Parts*:
 For, both were full of *Grace*, as full of *Life*;
 Both which winne *Glory*, with both *Hopes*, and *Hearts*!
 That actiue *Spirit* his *Meditations* rais'd
 Aboue the *Spheare* of GREATNES; that doth rise
 From those *Perfections* that do perish prais'd,
 To seek PERFECTI^ON prais'd; and neuer dies!
 And, like a *Soule* (that nought on *Earth* can fill)
 Seeking for al-suffizing *Aliments*,
 Still mounts aboue her selfe (in *Minde*, and *will*)
 Till she hath found what fully her contents:
 So, his rare *Soule*, (beeing euer on her *Wings*,
 Soone cloide with whatsoe're the *Earth* holds deere)
 Sought to suffize her with eternall Things;
 Which made her stay so much the shorter here!
 The *World* could not containe her; not as He
 To whose ambition *Earths* Rotundity
 Seem'd but an *Angle*: no; but, Shee did flee
 The *World*, and such vaine *Pride*; yet, fled more high!
She

MUSES TEARES.

She fled to Him whose *Center's* euery where,
 And *Circle* no where: for, true *Eaglet*, She
 On *Iustice* SONNE (her Eyes being *strong*, as *cleare*)
 Still lou'd to looke, to shew her *Dignity*!
 But, while She kept within her *Prison-walls*
 (Or *taile* of *Flesh*) She, through the *windows*, saw
 To all that in *Discretions* *Compasse* falls;
 And, ordred all that *All* by *Reasons* Law.
 His *Servants* so hee swai'd (and that alone,
 Himselfe beeing vnder *Tutors*) as appear'd
 That they were gouern'd by some *Salomon*;
 For which he was no lesse *Belou'd*, than *Fear'd*.
Reward and *Panishment* (being as the *weights*
 By which our *Horologe of life* is mou'd)
 Fell euer through Him (from *Celestiall Heights*)
 On none, but whom true *vertue* loth'd, or lou'd!
 If then, his *Priuate* in such order stood,
 How had the *publike* done when hee had swai'd?
 They had beene like for *Grace*, in likely-hood;
 And (for our *Common-good*) as *Good*, as *staid*!
 The *Highest* all good things hath in *Essence* still;
Ill, in his *Vnderstanding-pow'r*; but *Man*
 Hath good things by *Intelligence*; but ill
 He hath in *Essence*: for, no *Good* he can!
 But He, whose *goodnesse* rauish'd him from hence,
 Was *Good*, in *Nature*; by his *BEING*, blest:
 But *Ill* he had but by *Intelligence*;
 Which he, with *Grace*, corrected, being best!
 Some *Kings* are more than *Men* in their beliefe;
 But, in their liues such *Beasts* as neuer liu'd:
 The chiefe *Offenders* than, are of the *CHIEFE*:
 But this, *Belou'd*, liu'd well, and well belecu'd!

MVSES TEARES.

The *Simple* twixt *God* and *Man* is such,
 That *God* is said to be *immortall Man*;
 And *Man* a mortall *God*: He was so much;
 Whose want we waile much more than *sorrow* can.
 His Princely lookes compos'd so rarely were
 Of venerable *gravity* and *grace*,
 That one did *Loue* prouoke, the other *fear*;
 And both, in one, still shew'd a sacred *Face*!
 His *Ire* was temperate, sith he knew so well
 How ill t'was in *Warme* Fortunes to be hot;
 Sith, like great *Ruines*, those it quite doth quell
 On whome it falls; and, lights on equall Lot!
 It is to rash; (and so must needs offend)
 To do ought well: For, it cures ill with ill:
 Then, to referre a *Vice* to *Ire* to mend,
 Is *Vice* to cure by *Vice* (outragious) still.
 Great *Mindes* in *Choler*, should be euer like
 The highest *Planets*, that are slowest mou'd;
 And neuer vse (how euer mou'd) to strike,
 Till they indulgent *meanes* haue throughly prou'd.
 The *fire* of *Ire*, that from cold *fear* proceeds
 Prouoks the Subiect, put past *fear*, in *hate*
 To make attempts (although for it he bleeds)
 To free his *fear*, that makes him desperate.
 Nor is he quiet kept, to keepe him low,
 (As some affirme) for eu'ry *hope* that giues,
 Least like-li-hood to raise his ouer-throw,
 Vnder new Lords, for such he plots, and itriues.
 Then as from loue proceeds a *State* more sure,
 (Though moderate) so, that that comes from *fear*,
 Although inore absolute, doth lesse endure:
 For *fear*, growne des'prate, it will ouer-bear.

For,

MVSES TEARES.

For, *Cruelty* from *Cowardize* doth spring,
 Sith still couragious *Minds* their force imploy
 But on resisting foes; then hee's no King,
 (But *Tyrant*) that but prostrate Friends destroys.
 It is a weakenesse of great *Pow'r*, and *Will*,
 To loue them least that most they do offend:
 Whome *Kings* offend, they will offend them still;
 And, ne're for-giue th'offended till their end,
 But hate to see them; sith(perhaps)their sight
 But minds them of the *wrongs* they do them still:
 In this, this Gaul-lesse *Prince* tooke no delight,
 But did quite otherwise in *Deed* and *Will*!
Ambition, (the *Soules* Shirt, sith that's the *Vice*
 Shee last puts off) no more transported his
 Than *Casars* was with *glories* auarice;
 For, his *Ambition* wholly aim'd, at This!
Kings should haue *innocency*. Columbine,
 To do no more than harmelesse Creatures should;
 With which they should haue *wisdome* Serpentine,
 To do no lesse then *Circumspection* would:
 And euer, with the wakefull'st *Will* and *Wit*, (great)
 To stretch their *power* beyond their *power* (though
 But only for the publike-benefit, (sweet!
 For which they smell most sweete, when most they
 A *Prince* that ties himself himself vnto
 Doth much mistake himselfe: For, hee's not his;
 Nor, is the *STATE* his: but, he still must do,
 As if he were the *STATES*: for, so he is.
 From *Benefits*, come *Obligations*: and,
 From such more such: and, so t'is *Sire*, and *Sonne*,
Effect, and *Cause*; Yet still doth, mouing, stand
 In *Will* and *Pow'r* of *Natures*, like the *Sunne*.

The Surgeons
 that embal-
 med, and em-
 bowelled him,
 found no
 Gaule at all in
 him, as it is
 confidently re-
 ported.

Such

MVSES TEARES.

Such was this *Prince*, who look'd with watchful Eyes
 To all that might with *State*, in *Time*, haue stood:
 He aw'd the Great, and (iustly, most precise)
 Discount'nanc'd such as *Greater* werethan good.
 „ For, such as wilbe Sheepe; the Wolfe deuoures:
 Then, sheepish *Kings* must flee all *Beasts* of prey,
 Or keepe *Presumption* downe in subiect *Pow'ers*,
 Lest long conniuece make it long for *sway*.
Contempt t'a *Prince*, more dang'rous is than hate:
 For, *Hate*, by *fear*, is held from bold *Attempt*:
 But, SCORNE doth make it daring; then a
 In danger stands, that stands, so, in *Contēpt*! (STATE
Lightnings put by with winde but of a *Cap*;
 And oft great STATES (that might the world
 Fall with the smallest *accidents* that hap: (comman'd
 Then, if *Contempt* they beare, they cannot stand.
 This made this *Prince* betimes to haue an Eye
 To all that saw but how they high might grow
 By *wrong* and *scorne* of PRINCIPALITY,
 Sith well he knew they ill themselues did know.
 His *Deeds* did euermore exceed his *words*
 In Vertue, and Effect: nor, would He speake
 But still with Caution fit for sou'raigne Lords,
 Who know they bruize their *Crownes*, when Words
 For *Princes* safer Pris'ners are, by far, (they break!
 Vnder their *words* almighty-binding *pow'r*
 Than they are vnder strongest *Bolt* or *Barre*;
 Because their *Words* (like *Gods*) are euer sure!
 If otherwise, we cannot call them *Gods*
 (As *God* himselfe doth *stile* them) if they be
 Vnlike through that iniustice; and (like *Clods*)
 Do nought but soile the *seate* of their *Degree*.

No:

MVSES TEARES.

No: *Tongues*, & *Pens* wil wound their *Names* to death;
 Nay, past, sith past, sharpe *Tongues* & *Pens* can giue
 Them black *Reproch*: for, with their harmeful breath,
 Their *Vices* die; but stil their *shames* may liue!
 For, seeing *Iustice* cannot touch their liues,
 Its reason it should touch their *Names* (too nought)
 For feare whereof a *TITVS* often strives:
 To be not what he is, but what he ought!
 For, it is hard to play an *After-game*
 Of *Reputation* wel: or, not to loose
 By eu'ry cast, though wel we play the same,
 Sith all our *Gain* to our first *Losses* goes!
 But *Vertue* made our *Hercles* to preserue
 His *Name* from blemish; not these by-respects:
 He *Vertue* seru'd, that so She Him might serue
 With fullest *Glory* voide of all *Defects*.
 Not like the *Starres* (that yeeld but little light
 Because they are so high) with him it far'd:
 But (like the *Sunne*) was bright'st at greatest height;
 And stil his *Minde* vnto his *Fortunes* squar'd.
 BEING, without well *Being*, cursed is;
 And, so, the greater *Being*, the greater curse:
 But, he being Great, was euer blest in this
 That he did *Grace*, by *Nature*, kindly nurse!
Nature in HIM, admir'd what she had wrought,
 At least she might, if She, (most wonderfull
 Of things created) could admire at ought
 That's made good, great, stout, wise, and beautiful.
 He was the richest *Trophy* FORTVNES Pow'r
 Could reare in HONORS Theater; for, stil
 NATVRE did doate on Him (her *Bellamoure*,
 Or *Master-piece*) the Wonder of her skil!

MVSES TEARES.

Beauty, TIME S flowre, though delicate it be
 Yet soone it dies: so holds comparison
 With *Phydias* collours; which (though faire to see)
 Were blemisht with each *Breath* that breath'd there-
 But that immortall beauty of the *Minde* (on
 Wherewith He was endow'd, was so ingrain'd
 In his *Soules* Faculties, that by no winde
 Or blast of *Enuy*, it can e're be stain'd!
 No: He most strictly ey'd his better *Part*;
 And in the *Glasse* of *Heau'ns* eternall L A W
 Righted th' *Apparell* of his royall Heart
 As best became his F O R M E, which there he saw:
 For, no *Mans* Fortunes, nor his high renowne
 Can possibly be worthy for his *End*;
 Which hath made *Kings* of *Tore* to quit their *Crowne*,
 That they to better *Ends* might wholly tend.
Life's but a *Supposition*, or Non-E N S;
 That's not perceivable; because it I S;
 Then, streight I S not, but by *Intelligence*;
 And, while it I S, it is but most amisse!
 Nothing is certaine, but vncertainty
 Beneath the *Moone*; which varies like our *Mindes*:
 For, *Man's* a *Maze* of *Mutability*,
 Wherein both *Sin* and *Grace* stil turnes, and winds!
 It's good to die than, yer wee die; because
 A life too liuely proues too deadly oft:
 He shootes not well that vp his Arrow drawes
 And eyes no Mark below, nor that aloft: . . .
 But some mis-doe themselves, themselves to hid e
 From cruell *Fortunes* most impetuous Blowes:
 But neuer *Kings*, but Cowards, so haue di'd;
 Yet *Emper'ours* (base, as bad) haue beene of those!

MVSES TEARES.

It is an act of Charity to long,
 Euer to liue for others good: than they
 That both to *God* and *Nature* do such wrong,
 (As hatefull *Monsters*) seeke their both decay!
 And some so long doe liue that they interre
 Their *Glory* y'er they die; and die but when
 The World doth hate them deadli'st; or some War
 Takes them away; as *Beasts*, from ciuill *Men*!
 Yet, *Life's* but Bondage, we'r't not free'd by *Death*;
 Nay, *Life's* a *Sicknesse* that so mortall is,
 That who so liues, must die: and strongest Breath
 Is not still long'it; but, often more amisse!
 Life may be tane from *Man*, by any *Man*;
 But *Death* by no *Man*; none dare him abide:
 Nor, *Pow'r*, nor *Art*, nor *Loue*, *Life* lengthen can:
 For, if they could, this *Prince* had neuer di'd!
 Yee *Iles*, (whereof He was the Hope) with *Feares*
 Shake where ye stand; or with sighes shift your *Clines*;
 And be inquir'd with a sea of *Teares*,
 Where neuer *Sunne* may see the face of *TIME*!
 Or, settle else, where still his *Beames* may burne
 Our frozen Hearts; and, turne vs all to Black;
 That eu'n our *Skinnes* as well as Hearts may mourne
 For him whose want turnes all our comforts back.
Black's but a meere *Priuation*, and no *Hue*,
 As *Darkenesse* is of *Light*: that's fitt'st for vs,
 Whom *Griefes* Cimerian darkenesse doth subdue,
 Being quite depriu'd of *Light* of comfort, thus.
 The feeling-*sence* alone for mortall life
 Is necessary: but, the rest not so;
 For, *Life* may *BE* without them: then, let *Griefe*
 And *Sense* to feele it, ne're our liues forgo!

MYSES TEARES.

For Him that might the death of *Griefe* haue beene
 Had *Heau'n* not enui'd *Earth* his longer stay;
 But (ah) he grew so mellow, being greene,
 That he, by nature, soone did fall away!
 With whom our Hearts are fall'n; and with the fall,
 (On Craggy Cares) are swol'n so full of wo
 That they can hardly hold: but, O, this ALL
 Is at this stay, that staies but falling so!
 What hold, or hope, or helpe is than, in ALL,
 But He that's *All* in ALL? sith such a PROP,
 (So young, so strong, and sound, till he did fall)
 Is *Fearer-shaken* downe from *HIGHNES* Top!
 Floate heauiest *Griefe* on *Times* eternall Teares
 T'a *Deluge* turn'd; and sinke all Ioy therein:
 Floate *Griefe* to *Death*: sinke Ioy to depth of *feares*;
 Sith, in the *Hau'n*, our *hopes* so sunke haue bin!
 So faile their *hopes* that hope, by *Sinne*, for *Grace*:
Heau'n hate we vrge; and yet (so, vrge it more)
 We looke for loue: But, O, such *Life*, such *Cause*!
 „A desperate *Salue*, must cure a desperate *SORE*!
 We thought our *CROWNE* so staied with many
 (So Yong, and strong) that no cold *Puff* of *fear* (*Props*
 (How euer strong) could once but shake our *Hopes*,
 Which now this *Blast* doth reele, and backward
 But yet to feare too much is to receiue (beare!
Ill fortunes yet they come; and, that is ill:
 Our *feares* as well as *hopes* may vs deceiue:
 Than *fear* we so, as *hope* may hold vs still.
Fear beares *Hope* backward to a forward *Stay*;
 So forward, as wee feare more going back,
 When in our *Soules* (besides) our *Sinnes* we waigh,
 Which threate (auert it *Heau'n*) our vtter wrack!

But

MVSES TEARES.

But bee; O be propitious, highest P O W R,
To vs: and make our Royal P L A N T to spring
Vnto that *Greatnesse* that may long'st endure;
And *Branches* beare, that may beare many a K I N G!

But yet (O *Death!*) G R I E F wil not leaue vs so;
It turnes againe; and *Paffion* (which doth swel,
Say *Reason* what it will) will with vs goe
Vnto the *Graue*, which *Heau'n* is to this *Hel!*
Why from the *Surgeon* doe we turne our Eye
When, with his *Probe*, wee see him search a *wound*,
But that wee know our *Sences* sou'raignty
Ouer our *Reason*, might vs, with it, confound!
Than, can wee see the Hand of D E A T H to gage
His H E A R T, (beeing ours; and so, through ours
And not auert our Eyes, in ruthful rage? (should go
If so we can, we can be cruell so!
But, O, wee needs must see this dismall D E E D,
(At least in *Minde*) for which our *Hearts* are rent:
The letting of him bloud did make them bleed:
For which we curse the C A V S E, and Instrument?
It is, almost, a Miracle to finde
A great, and liuely *Spirit* well gouerned;
But his rare *Spirit* (be'ing such) did turne, and winde
As the *Phisition* still, it mannaged!
Indifferent *Spirits*, for *Rule*, farre better doe
Than *Spirits* too mighty, who are good for nought
But to torment themselues, and others too:
Yet His, being great, hee ruled as he ought!
The *Spirit* doth owe the *Flesh* a *Sou'raignes* care
Not a *Slaves* seruice: for, if *Flesh* bee free,
'Twill make the *Spirit* but seruile, base, and bare;
But if the *Spirit*; the *Flesh* shall honor'd be!

MVSE'S TEARES.

And, looke how when the *Heart* is sicke, the **HEAD**
 And all the *Members*, of the *griefe* haue part,
 But neuer die, vntill the **HEART** be dead;
 So, **HEAD** and *Members* die with this our **HEART**!
 We die, though yet we moue, with *griefe* conceau'd
 For this his death; whose *Life* gaue all our Parts
 Their liuely motion; which they had receau'd
 From his rare vertue, *Life* of all our *Hearts*.
 Nor can we (*ah!*) liue other-wise than dead
 (Although, in *Death*, we liue; or, lifelesse plight)
 For him that gaue vs *Heart*; and *Life*, our **HEAD**;
 So liue we now, without or *Life*, or *Spirit*!
 It is a kind of *ioy* in case of *moane*
 Not to be single: Common-miserie
 (Though heauiest) lighter weighs on one alone,
 Then doth his priuat light aduersitie!
 As *Peace* is *Warre* to men impo'urisht growne;
 Who, in the totall ruines of the **STATE**,
 Had rather be o'rewhelm'd, than in their owne;
 So, each mans *Crosse* seemes most vnfortunate!
 But in our Case, it is not so, we see:
 For this our common losse, so sad doth lie
 Vpon our *Soules*, that nought can heauier be,
 Although it were, with torment, oft to die!
 Yet, tis high'st *Courage* lowly to sustaine
 The heauiest *Plagues* which for our sinnes are sent:
 And to be patient qualifies the paine;
 And, makes vs, at the low'st, most excellent!
 But, to resist, rage, murmur, or complaine,
 Is as effeminate as *Men* may do:
 Than to be subiect so, is so to raigne
Kings of our selues; and *Saints* with *Angells* too!
„ Humillity,

MVSES TEARES.

„ *Humility*, of *Men*, doth *Angells* make;
 „ And *Pride*, of highest *Angells*, maketh *Dewills*:
 „ In *Pride*, all *Euills* did beginning take:
 „ But, in *Humility*, release from *Euills*!
 We are borne to *Sorrowes*: would we than be free?
 That were iniustice: Than, we needs must beare
 The lawes to which all *Flesh* must subiect be,
 Vnlesse we would about all *Flesh* appeare!
 Our highest *pleasures* still do tend vnto
 The deepest *sighes*: those *wrinkles* of the face
 That serue for *Laughing*, serue for *Weeping* too;
 And, extreame *Laughing* sheddeth *Teares* apace!
 GREATNES (as we mis-stile it) how e're stout,
 And *glorious* too it be) is, as we proue,
 But like a *Lightnings*-flash soone in, and out
 Of *Life* and *Light*, that gets more *Hate*, than *Loue*!
 Our ALL's but *Nothing* than: For, that which I S
 Must be eternall: For, what I S, must stay
 Such as it is a *Thought* (at least) but this
 Is with a *Thought*, or chang'd, or gone away!
 Now sith the deereſt of these *Mundane* things,
 Do fall so cheape from highest *Holds* they haue,
 And that both *Semy-gods* aswell as *Kings*
 Do but engorge the most insatiate *Graue*;
 What *Sense* haue such that see this daily done,
 And yet relie on life, that but appeares
 As doth a *Vapor* rising with the *Sunne*
 But straight to vanish, in a *Vale* of *Teares*!
 For, *Kings* none other-wise than *Mists* descend
 Downe from the lofty *Mountaines* to the *Vales* (cend,
 Where they through *Fortunes* *Sun-shine* soone af-
 And vanish straight like dew the *Sunne* exhales.

Thus

MVSE'S TEARES.

Thus can *Discretion* teach *Griefe* what to say
 To ease it selfe; but *Griefes* if great they are
 Will still be mute; or else (as mad) will bray:
 And so our *Griefes* (as mad) do make vs fare.
 Our LOSSE so far transcends the highest Bounds
 Of *humane-wisdom*e, patiently to beare,
 That it our Sufferance, and our Selues confounds
 With all distraction, ioynd to *griefe*, and *fear*;
Saint Iames, thy house, (late house of ioyes extreame.
 Is now an House of *Mourning*; sith this *Mate*
 Of *Angells*, di'd therein, yet liues with them;
 And, lest that haplesse House to endlesse hate.
 Those costly *Pictures* (curious Proofes of *skill*).
 Wherewith that House (like *Heav'n*) he late did grace)
 There may they hang in *Vtter-darknes* till
 The fowlest *Spawners* scarfe their fairest Face!
 That if, here-after, any curious Eye
 (That would to Hell to see a Curious sight)
 Come there to see them, it may looke awry,
 As lothing to belold their vglie plight.
 Their Co-inhabitants be euer grimme,
 Grym *Desolations*, sterne Consociates;
 Blacke ougly *Bats*, and *Owles*; with *Zim*, and *Iim*;
 T'affright all *Flesh* with horror from the *Gates*!
 This, for the *Place* wherein he di'd: The *Time*,
 (Sith much more disinnall) much more still b'accurst:
 Let neuer *Sunne* the steepe *Meridian* climbe
 On that blacke *Day*, but clad in *Sable* first!
 Let all the *Starres* that are maleuolent,
 Lend all the light that *Day* (like *Night*) shall giue;
 That *Men* may see but onely to lament
 With wofull it action, that may moue to *griefe*!

And

MUSES TEARES

And sith great *Kings* their *Birch-dates* celebrate
 With all that *Pompe* can yeeld; or *Pleasure* prooue;
 On this black *Death-day* still, (through *publike hate*)
 Let ne're the least *pompe* stirre, nor *pleasure* mone!
Musike, be euer silent on this *Day*;
 Or with *Chromarick Dumps* our losse lament:
 And, O yee *heau'nly Spheares*, sound so, or stay;
 And, all confuse beneath the *firmament*
 For, *Common-griefe*'s not capable of *forme*!
 Our *Griefe* is common; then, confound all *Mirth*
 On this curst *Day*; let *DEATH* then, euer storme,
 Yea, make the *Sunne*, himselfe, lie hid with *Earth*!
 Ifought be else, *Poetick-rage*, or worse,
 Or *Loue* (that can doe all) can moue to hate
 This cursed *day*, to adde vnto this curse,
 Let it fall on it, as most reprobate!
Henry (deere *Henry*!) O that *Words* we had
 So steep't in *Brine* that all, through them, might see
 That *We*, with *Reason*, are growne iustly mad:
 Sith *Reas'n* doth rage, most iustly, but for *Thee*!
 For, *soules* that haue *Intelligence* and *Will*,
 And by the first discern what they haue lost,
 Can, through the *Last*, but last distracted still
 With *Rage* that *Reason* rectifieth most!
 If *GOD* we lose, what *Reas'n* can be so great
 (For, greatest *Reas'n* best knowes the greatest losse:)
 But it, with *Griefe*, will quite it selfe forget,
 Remembring such a *Soule-confounding CROSSE*!
 Then, when we loose a *Prince*, like *God* for *State*,
Stile, *Vertue*, and *Effect*, what *Reason* can
 But fare as it were rightly reprobate?
 If not; such *Reas'n* must be in more then *Man*!

MUSES TEARES.

If well, wee take a CROSSE of so great weight
 That breakes the Back of *suffrance*, with a *Thought*,
 (Though propt with strongest *grace*) our dul conceipt
 Of *Goodnesse* lost, shewes we are good for nought.
 No: sooner can our *Soules* discourse forbear,
 And cease to take Reports from *Wit* and *Sence*
 Than we (like *Blocks*) such *Blowes* of *Fate* can beare
 As maime our *Soules* through their *Intelligence*!
 If He of *HVS*, whose patience (being crost)
 Endur'd the shock of *Hels* first mortall charge,
 Yet, in the second, found his patience lost
 Among but *Blaines*, that did but *Bloud* enrage;
 Then how should *flesh*, lesse fenc'd with *Grace*, sustaine
 So many Wounds, which through our *Princes* Heart
 Death fastens on our *soules*, such hurt, such paine,
 Makes *Out-rage* seeme to act but *Iudgements* Part.
 The *Prophet* being but in *prison*, cast
 For speaking what he *ought*, and as hee *should*
 Vow'd neuer more to mention heau'n, and past
 So farre in heate, that hee the High'st contrould.
 Then, though wee may not, from the slips of *Saints*,
 Take warrant flat to fall, yet, for such CAVSE
 To vse Poetick-rage in our Complaints,
 (Falling past fury) stands with *Reasons* Lawes:
 Oh! that *Wits* forces than, that *Reas'n* controules,
 Could fall into this sacred Rage; and make
 All Times to come, to suffer with our *soules*;
 Or, force the *props* of future Worlds to shake!
 For, *passion* beeing in our *soules* conceiu'd,
 Forth-with is formed in our *speech*; and so,
 Passing from vs, by others is receiu'd;
 And, makes in them impression of like Wo.

Oh!

Iob.

Ier. 20, 7.
8.9.

MUSES TEARES.

Oh! *Eloquence*, (the *Routher* of our *Minde*,
 Swaying th' *Affects* thereof, which way it lifts)
 Ioyne with our *sighes* (now) like resistlesse *Winds*
 To lose our *soules* in *sorrowes* endlesse *Mists*:
 For, *Griefe* enforc'd by *Fate*, and *Eloquence*
 (Oh *FOR CE* that still the owne desires fulfils!
 Than *Tyrans* sway, hath no lesse violence
 Ore our weake *soules*, that works but what it *Wils*!
 Yet nought's more eloquent than *TRUTH* (most
 Than our tru *Grief* (that seas of *sorrow weeps*) (strögt)
 Must mooue al *Mindes*, by th' *Engin* of our *Tongue*,
 To floate to endlesse *Woes* on *DOLORS* *Deepes*.
 Men must be wrought like *Irne*; that's first made soft
 With *fire*, y'er *water* cooles it: *fires* of *VVit*
 Must make them more then supple (sure, and oft)
 Y'er *Teares* can coole strong *passions* burning-fit.
 Than, if my *Wit* were great, as is the *CAUSE*
 Of this our *sorrow*, it should so enflame
 The *World* with *passion* as it ne're should pause
 To shewre forth streames of *Teares* to quench the
 But so this *Griefe* distracts it, that it can (same!
 But make imperfect *Offers*; it's too cold
 To thaw the frozen *Hearts* of euery *Man*:
 For, *Death* (not *Dolor*) hath all hearts in hold.
 Oh *words*! O *sence*! how sencelesse both wee hold
 (Though most significant) that cannot curse
 This *Day* past execration; would yee could
 (And I had you to vse) do that, or worse!
 But why, O why! doe I accursed *fend*,
 So curse the *Day* wherein He so was blest
 For whose cause so I curse? My knees I bend,
 And begge for *Grace*, sith t' was in *Minde* distressed.

MUSES TEARES.

Then I retract my Curses; and I blesse
 That blessed God that giues and takes (so free)
 The best Things euer: for, we must confesse,
 This was as good as could, in *Nature*, Bee!
 For, if in nature, there could be a *Prince*
 Aboue the pitch of highest *Hopes*; then Hee
 Was more then such, in our experience:
 Then, can our *Griefes* be lesse than now they bee?
 Yet *Arte*, and *Adulation* (making *Eight*
Offscour) that make so many famous;
 But yet the *eight* make more for *state*, and *weight*)
 Do oft, in ouer-righting, wrong the dead!
 But few, if dead, are flattered, if their friends
 Liue not in *wealth*, or *Greatnesse*: so, the scopes
 Of all such *Clawes* scratch for priuate *Ends*:
 Yet, *Kings* will flatter, to attaine their *Hopes*!
 But, who for priuate *Grace*, (and *Gifts* among)
 Of wicked *Princes* doe renoune their *Names*
 Do priuate-*Iustice*, so, with publike-*Wrong*;
 So, both is wronge, done right to both their *shames*.
 Then, here's our happy infortunity,
 To praise him, dead, so strong in lyuing-Might;
 Whose earned *praise* seemes hired flattery;
 But this we cannot shunne; and doe him right!
 Then, O! receiue, great *Prince* of *Palatines*,
 Our *Muses Teares* (true records of our Harme)
 In these sad *Numbers* of her blubbred *Lines*,
 Eu'n for his *like*, of whom th' hast lost an *ARME*
 If not much more! for, neuer could two *Hearts*
 As th' had, beene one, long since, and cleft in two;
 Till now, at meeting, streight reioyn'd their *Parts*:
 So did your *Hearts* at your first meeting doe.

But

MVSES TEARES.

But *death*, too enuious *death*, disseuer'd them
 As soone as ioy'n'd; than wee may iudge by this,
 Thy causeful Sorrowes needs must be extreame
 Like ours : whose heart was ours, and ours was His !
 And to what season had as spightfull *Time*
 Reseru'd this seu'ring? but eu'n then, when thou
 (To make that *Knot* more sure, in your youths prime)
 Cam'st to espouse his H A L F E ; wo-wedded now !
 So, when thy ioyes were flowing, neere the full,
 It, past the lowest ebbe, fell headlong-wise ;
 And wert not *Fortune* thee did yet not lull
 In Cradle of sure *hope*, it neere could rise !
 Thy *Fortunes* highest ayme (nought can bee higher
 That on the *Earth* is found) is the rar'st *Jemme*
 That er'e was cas'd with flesh : then, to aspire
 That to enioy, is ioy beyond extreame !
 A *sister* futable to such a *Brother*;
 The high'st desire of mightiest *Potentates* :
 Good in the *Abstract*, ther's not such another
 Now to bee match'd ; nor in the power of FATES !
Fame that best knows her; prompts me what to speake;
 All, that attend her, *Fames* report mainetaines;
 And, all in all, into her prayles breake;
 Yea, loue the ground that this *Belon'd*, sustaines!
 But, ô, wee cannot looke vpon her *Worth*
 But must reflect on His that's gone; sith He
 Was as her Self; and one *Wombe* brought them forth,
 Which, for these BLESSINGS, euer-blessed bee.
 But (ah) he *was*, and is not; W A S ! (ô word
 Able to strike the Soule of Patience dead)
 And why not IS ? Hee IS, and is a L O R D
 Whom Angels serue, and with their Food is fedd,

MUSES TEARES.

He di'de indeed; it's true : nay, *false* it is;
 He did not die, that chang'd but lifes annoy
 For life of comfort in eternall BLISSE:
 Yet, thus he di'de, that thus yet liues in *ioy*!
 Deere *Vault*, that veil'd him, mummanize his Corse
 Till it arise in *Heauen* to be crown'd:
 Sith (though on *Earth* he rarely ran his course)
 No *Crowne*, for *Prize*, though it he toucht, he found.
 But *Breath* no sooner left him but it was
 Inuolu'd with *aire* of F A M E, and blowne so high,
 That it doth *Ariadne's* C R O W N E surpasse,
 And made a FLAME new kindled in the Skye.
 He di'de in *shew* than, but yet liues in *Deed*
 In *Heauen* and *Hearts* of all that honor *Grace*,
 In HIGHNES *Heart*: he di'de then, so to speed
 Of *Glory* heere, and in that surer *Place*.
 Eu'n when his *Grand-dames* Corpse was re-inshrin'd;
 As if his Corpse, in shades of *Death*, through *lowe*,
 Had long'd to meete with *Hers* that seem'd so kinde
 To seeke to meete with his, through her remoue!
 Eu'n then (the will of *Heau'n* so fore-assign'd)
 He left his *Breath*, ye'r he the *Crowne* possesse;
 And went in *Person*, (*Princely* still inclin'd)
 To meete and greet her in eternall rest!
 But so he spent, and left his breath, (we hope)
 That's praise, in *Blisse*, stil breaths *Eternity*,
 As it doth fill the *Earth*, and heau'nly *Cope*:
 For such a hopefull life did neuer die:
 Then, die he neuer can while *Vertue* liues;
 For, HE, and SHE are still *Corelatiues*!
Fear, and the Pit, and the Snare, are upon thee, O
inhabitant of the Earth! Esay. 24. 17.

SOBS

SOBS FOR THE LOSSE
of the most Heroick Prince
HENRY.

Non frustra nascitur, qui bene moritur.

NOW; all we see, of worth, go all in blacke,
For *Him* whose worth all times shall love and lack.
The hopefull'st *heire apparant* to a CROWNE,
That Grace could giue, yet, call the *guift* hir owne.
Some, waile the losse of priuat friends till death;
Then when so many clos'd were in his Breath,
How should that some, (nay all) his losse deplore?
That Sorrowes - Sea, no bottom hath, nor Shoare!
All praise is shut in Bounds, saue that of ONE
Whomere is lost, but of the lost alone:
But none that's lost in shew, not deede, or name,
Could e'rne more praise than this tru Soule of FAME!
Hee's gon; but, going, left such light behinde
As doth the Moone ecclipse, the Sunne so blind
With splendor, that the light they yeeld, vs now;
Is farre lesse good in deede, lesse great in shew!
The Heau'ns, that lent him, are growne poore; or wee
Deserue no trust, (sith we bad debtors be)
To take him ere the time by Nature set,
Yet, for short intrest, keepe vs still in debt!
Celestiall Sprits, are yee so greedy growne
So soone to giue and take (from vs) your owne?

Or

MVSES TEARES.

Or did you enuy that we should haue had
 A *Head* so good to *Members* al so bad?
 Say, we were *Marchants* that nere kept our *day*,
 Or (at the *best*) but *pray* when we should *pay*:
 Or (yet if *better*, when no *faith* wee keepe)
 Fall on our *knees*, and for *grace* sigh and weepe:
 Yet sith yee *swim* in all celestiaall **STORE**
 Yee might a while haue borne with *Spirits* so poore!
 But were we *poore* in *spirit*, we had beene rich
 In your *account*: but O we are not such!
 Our *Pride* (that makes vs *beggers* eu'ry way)
 Make yee mistrust our *faith* (too poore to *pay*.)
 Well, it is *ill* with vs (poore *Soules*, profane)
 And *worse*, (much *worse*) for *that* which you haue tane.
 Yea, (which is *worst*) will neuer lend Him more:
 O *Spirit* (Celestiaall *Spirits*, which we adore)
 For-bear the *rest* we owe, to *grace* incline;
 Trust vs vpon a *pawne* of *Angel's wine*,
 Which from the heavy *Vessells* of our *eyes*
 Shall runne till you shall say *It doth suffice*!
 And *Lord* of *Hostes* (their *Lord* and ours) beseige
 Our *Hearts* with *fear* till *Love* doth giue this *Pledge*.
 And so dispose the *goods* we haue of thine,
 (*In* and *Without* vs) as we may resigne
 All to thy *praise*; that (though in debt we stand)
 Thou maist supply our *wants* still, on our *Band*!
 On which, we humbly pray thee lend vs *health*,
 And *Heads* and *Hands* t'vphold the *Common-wealth*
 Of our owne *Stocke*: or, if in *future-time*,
 (As *heretofore*) some *stranger* vp do climbe
 On *Ladder* of our *Branches* to our **CROWNE**
 He may be such as nere may put vs downe!

AN EPITAPH ON THE Death of the immortall *HEN-* *RY Prince of Wales.*

M*uch Briefly said, and clearely too,
Is hard: yet that much Art can do:
But here much griefe and little Art,
Is forc'd to act (so hard a Part.*

*Nature and Arte, with Grace, and Fortune too,
Sought Time, and Death to conquer, (as they do)
In this Heroick PRINCE, who, through those fou'r,
Orethrowes Times force, and Deaths almighty Pow'r!
All that was in Him, was much more than all
That's found in Flesh, if young, and naturall!
Can wit say more for his true glory here?
Yes: for, he was a Prince without a Peere!
What more? why this: He di'de but in his prime;
Yet, in perfection, elder was than TIME! (grows
And more compleate than PLACE: for fame that
From his great WORTH alone, no lymit knowes!
If Time, and Death, and Place than, be to seeke
For such another; He to none is like
But him who hath no like; yet like in MIND;
And, for they haue no like in either kinde!
This King of Princes, and that God of Kings:
Are like themselves than, and none other things!
And, like them-selues, they liue in Hea'u'n, and Vs,
In spight of Enuy, Time, and Death: Than, thus.*

D

(In

MVSES TEARES.

(In briefe) wee bound their boundles *EXCELLENCE*:
One, no such GOD; the other, no such PRINCE!

AN OTHER.

Fortune, and *Art*, and *Nature* strauce
To giue much more than er'e they gaue
To *Him* that lies heare vnderneath
The grace of *Nature*, *Time*, and *Death*!
Three CROWNES were neere Him; and the forth,
He might, by RIGHT, haue wone by WORTH!
Which, in his *youth*, presag'd his *spirit* .
Would ren'd, in *age*, from WRONG, his RIGHT!
That *Spirit* (like *his*, that's most compleat)
Sought nought but what was good and GREATE!
He soone was ripe; too soone to win,
What *Time*, much toyl'd, and *Art* drawes in.
Who casts for Crownes, must haue no small
Might, *right*, *skill*, *will*, and *Time* with all:
But whose *perfection* *Time* out-goes
Winnes but LAVD'S Crowne yer life he lose!
His *Gain*e and *Losse* then, are so eu'n,
As he is pleas'd with both in *Heau'n*.
Teaching all *Heires* to CROWNES, and KINGS.
To be the best of Earthly *things*!
Far-well (rare PRINCE!) nor *Time*, nor *Death*
Shall stint thy *glory* with thy *breath*:
For when, with them, lowd *fame* decaies,
Silence shall whisper out thy praise!

CONSO.

CONSOLATIONS

*for, and to the
King.*

Great *King* in *sorrowes*, now, as well as **STATE**,
Whom *Fortunes* grace makes most vnfortunate:
For, no more *fauour* could of **FATE** be had,
Than such a *Sonne*, whose losse makes *Fate* as bad.
This *string* sounds deadly, Ile not touch it more,
Least that my *Salue* more hurt then heale the **SORE**.
Be now a **KING** of *Kings*: for, *Sorrowes* raigne
In Thee, o're whome become thou **SOVERAIGNE**.
The more like *GOD Kings* be, the lesse they grieue
Or ioy, for ought that *ioy* or *griefe* doth giue.
For, highest *pow'r* in *weakenesse* best is showne:
Than; litle no *weakenesse* can vphold a **CROWNE**,
Let thy high *vertue*, that doth *three* sustaine,
Represse strong *griefes*, that but in *weakenesse* raigne,
The more th' affront of **FATE**, the more appears
The vertue of the *pow'r* that well it beares!
No *King* should be (howe'r he be distrest)
Lesse than him-selfe, or like him-selfe at least:
But no *King* breathing more distrest could be
Than thou hast beene, yer thou couldst breath to see
Thy mortall danger: And, when, after-ward,
Thy *Case*, by horrid *treasons*, was more-hard,
As being in the very *Maw* of **DEATH**,
Yet, in *concoction*, *Fate* preferu'd thy **BREATH**.
And, yet its said of thee, eu'n then thou wer't
In shew, a **Cæsar**, and a *King in Heart*!

MVSES TEARES.

Than thus being vs'd, beyond thy *birth*, vnto
 The deep'st *distresse*, and Seas of *Sorrows* too,
 Say to thy Pilot *Hope* (in *Stormes* extreme)
Th' hast Cesar, and his Fortunes, go with them.
 Thy desprat *Plight*, of yore, yet safe restor'd
 Should make thee thinke thee safe, though ouer *Borde.*
 And thy like *Sorrows* (such as *Kings* do kill)
 Should keepe out others, be they what they will.
 No Heauineffe that *Atlas-Mind* or'ethrowes,
 That can *Heau'ns* ioy vphold in *worlds* of *woes.*
 Nor that Herculean *Spirit* that can support
 In Hell of *ills*, a Heau'n of good-report.
 As farre as *Heauen* doth *Earth*; nay, more by odds,
Gods thoughts transcend the thoughts of mortal-*gods.*
 Then, by proportion, theirs should soare more high
 Than highest *thoughts*, not rais'd by MA I E S T Y.
 The *Heart* of *Heau'ns* great MONARCH still is free
 From *Passion*: so should SOV'RAINES likewise be
 That would be lik'ft him: no *Ambition* higher
 Yet iuster farre, in *deed*, than in *desier.*
 But, O! it's easie, well, by force of *Art*,
 To *prompt* the sicke to Speake and Act their *part*;
 Yet, hard (most hard) to do it, after-ward:
 But, to highst *powres* should nought but *ill* be hard.
 Seuerer *Torquatus*, did his *Sonne* mis-do
 For charging, gainst his Chardge, his brauing Fo,
 Though he wan *fame* and *conquest*: than, sith H E
 That was as daring (yet was rul'd by Thee)
 Is, for our breach of *Heasts*, much more deuine,
 Ta'ne hence, by highest *Iustice*, not by thine,
 Be thou the Patient, sith the *Agent Heau'n*,
 Thee, of thy *Sonne*, hath, for it selfe, bereau'n.

And

MVSES TEARES.

And let no Pagan, passe a Christian, *Prince*,
 For *Morall-Grace*, or pious *excellence*!
 Th' all-seeing *Soule of Iudgement*, so long knit
 Vnto the actiue *Body* of thy Wit
 Knowes more then WIT can thinke to ease thy
 Then let that *soule*, now, animate *Reliefe*. (*Griefe*;
 And weigh, deere Soueraigne, on your Life depends,
 The weale of many *strangers, subiects, friends*:
 If *sorrow* then, should waste your Powr's of life,
 You soone might leaue them in a World of *strife*:
 And, make the STATE, that now you hold in peace,
 From Vnion, fall to *Faction*, peece by peece.
 That y'er it stand as now it doth, it may
 From *Faction* fall to *Action*, and decay.
 Then, all that are committed to your charge
 With *Eyes*, that *fears* and *Teares* do ouer-charge,
 On you do looke, and by those lookes say thus;
Pitty your selfe if you will pity vs!
 And still we Hope you make a Conscience, too,
 Vs, in your selfe, with dolor to vndo.
 Sith, of you, I V S T I C E, will our liues require,
 If through your fault, they should in *Tours* expire,
Philip of Spaine, but for his *Commons* good,
 (So sai'd by some) to death, on his owne B L O V D
 Did floate his SONNE, & HEIRE to al his *Crowns*,
 So, for his Subiects peace, his *sonne* confounds.
 Nay God himselfe, his deere Sonne did to death
 To saue his seruants: O! then, shall the B R E A T H
 By which we breathe, be spent, in S I G H E S, because
 Thy *son*, to Death, obai'd great NATVRES *Laws*;
 When of the F O V N T of *Grace*, and *Glory*, Thou
 Hast such a GLASSE thy selfe to see, and know!

MUSE'S TEARES.

Than, with thy selfe, thy *Subiects* loue thou so
 That, with thy selfe, thou doe them not o'rethrow
 Through thy much *Grief* (which makes them most to
 For see'ng thy *Sonne* but mortall, as thou art. (smart)
 N A T V R E (we wot) by her too wayward course,
 Will fal (if not vpheld by *Sour'aigne* force)
 To *Grieef's* redundance, for lesse C A V S E (by ods)
 But *Kings* about her be, *sith they are Gods* !
 Then, though thou *fre'st* be through the DIGNITY,
 Thou art most *Bound* to *Grace*, and *Maiesty* ! (*Man*;
 When N A T V R E, then, would make thee erre, as
 Thou canst not stir from *these*, do what She can
 Vnlesse thou wilt infringe the *Bonds* of G R A C E
 That put, and holds thee in thy powrefull P L A C E.
 K I N G S (sacred Things) haue other *Minds & Hearts*
 Than others haue, that play inferior *Parts*:
 For, some will, for their *Subiects* good, define!
 Than, for their good, wilt thou not liue with thine?
Codrus, who ware th' *Athenian* D I A D E M,
 Did (as thou know'st) die willingly for them.
 Than shall a King, inferior farre in State,
 In vertue passe a greater *Potentate*?
 Great *God* fore-fend; that H E who is so G R E A T E,
 His *Subiects* Hope in's pow'r should so defeat.
 On this Worlds *stage*, thou plai'st *Gods* Part (Great
 And at thine *Action*, eu'ry Eye doth fling (K I N G !)
 The sharpest *Beames* of *Observation* ! Than
 If thou would'st haue applause about a *Man*,
 Or not exposed be to base esteeme,
 Bee as thou *Art* (a *God* !) at least, so seeme !
 Be strong then (God-like K I N G) and act this Part
 Of *sorrow* so, as (though it moue thy H E A R T)

MVSES TEARES.

It may no *Action* mooue vnfit for P O W R
Of greatest *Brittans* greatest Gouvernour!

God proues His throughly, y'er he them approues:
So, tries before he trusts; likes y'er he loues.

Yet none can take the foile, that combats W O,
Vnlesse he yeelds before the Ouerthrow:

For, if to fight he, but in wil, be prest

Heau'n giues his courage force; his force, the best!

To such, their *Wish* achiues that Victory

Whose glory farre beyond their wish doth flie:

For *Grace* will nere be wanting to our *will*,

If, to our selues, *will* be not wanting still. (frowne,

That thou retir'st thy selfe, when Heau'n doth

Doth rather raise then sinck thy high renowne:

For, *Closets* must enclose vs, when, in *Wo*,

We reckon with our God for what we owe.

Good *Kings* are least alone, when most alone;

For stilnesse is the staidnesse of their T H R O N E.

Henry the Fourth, of *France*, had hee beene *still*;

Rauilliac then, had found no *King* to kil.

And all the World had from his W O R T H, repos'd

In pious *acts*, the better beene dispos'd:

For, as a *Beacon*, on an hill aspir'd,

Although it stand alone, yet, being fir'd,

Lights the whole country, farre off from the *flame*,

And makes *Night Day-light* neere vnto the same:

So, solitary *Kings*, that are retir'd

For vertuous causes, do (like *Beacons* fir'd)

Giue light to all their Subiects, farre, and nie;

So, good the publike by their priuacy.

Good *King*, thy foes (if thou hast any such,

If not; thy *Saujour* could not say so much)

Can-

MVSES TEARES.

Cannot but say (and do thine *Honor* right)
Th'art Good, as Great; in Nature, as in Might!
 Than, in that goodnesse, our iust *lealousie*
 (Of common intrest which wee haue in thee)
 Conuert to *Confidence*, through thy due care
 Of thy *Healths* state, & this S T A T E, which we are.
 Thy *Health* is ours; thy *Sicknesse* is our *Pest*.
 Thy rest's our *Toile*; thy *Trouaile* is our R E S T!
 If from the *Helme* of this so mighty A R K E
 That beares our *Common-wealth*, in priuate *Carke*,
 Thy most wel-practiz'd H A N D in rule of S T A T E
 Belong with-held, by *sorrow*, ease, or *Fate*;
 It must (for all the *Masters* helps within)
 Runne back in *Grace*, or else quite sinck in *sinne*.
 The *Masters* Eye doth fat the *Horse* (they say)
 And Coyne-made-*Pastors* let the flock decay.
 Those Officers, that buy, or rent their Roomes,
 Will sell, or make a R E N T of all that comes.
 All will stand crooked, if thy *Head*, and *Hand*
 Be not appli'd to make it vpright stand.
 Thou being the cunning'st *Architect* of S T A T E
 Canst raise this, maugree pusses of *Spight* or *Fate*,
 That, it (rare *Master-piece* of Kingly S K I L)
 Shall stand for *Kings* to imitate it, still.
 Then, O! take comfort in thy *Common-wealth*
 Whose comfort is in care but of thy *Health*.
 As when the sick (sore sick) are spoken too
 By friends for good, yet grieue in what they do:
 So, least my chat might thee (perhaps) offend,
 I at thy foot fall prostrate for the end:
 And thus there set the Period of my speech:
 Do as thou wilt, thou wilt all others teach.

Regis ad
 exemplum.
 &c.

To

To the sacred Queene of England
her most excellent Maiesty
bee all comfort after the
CROSSE.

(nor wit

Good Queene (for, greater STILE, Truth, Grace,
Can giue to Greatnes for Mans Goodnesse fit)
Blesse with thy Raies these Lines, drawne out at
To giue thy Mind, repose; thy Patiēce, strēgth: (length
Yet, come from want of wit, which iustly vaunts
None truer speakes then truest Ignorants!
You see, beneath the Circuite of the SVNNE,
All that's made best, is instantly vndone!
Are all things vaine then, in that Compasse? No:
The lightest Thing therein, is nothing so:
That's TRVTH; which stil is best; yet still vnmade:
Which GOD cannot vndo, though Fiends inuade!
Than TRVTH, so perfect, tels you by her Foole,
(Her plainest Tongues-man) you are in a Schoole
That teacheth many Lessons; good, and bad:
The bad, delight; the good, but make too sad:
Then, sith now sad you are, the last you learn'd
Was passing good, though it be ill discern'd.
You take it ill (perhaps) by so great losse,
To learne to beare a farre more heavy CROSSE
(Which Heau'n long deferre) if long you liue,
(For which I pray) then O be glad to griue
For what you do, when you do griue to proue
Your Soules best Physick in what least you loue.

E

„It's

MVSES TEARES.

„ It's ill to be too well; ease, is disease:
 And deadly too, in Parts that *Death* doth seize.
 Then when, in any Part of vs, we ioy
 More than we should, lest that might vs destroy
Heau'n takes it quickly off (as t'were by stealth)
 And, by that Want supplies our want of health!

The greatest *Crosse* that *Greatnesse* then can beare
 Is that of *Pleasure*, free'd of *Griefe*, and *Fear*.

Yet to content *Desire*, and *fear* exclude,
 Is the whole *Summe* of *Heau'ns* BEATITVDE!

But, here, not so; where *pleasure*, as a *Crime*,
 Ends ill, if *fear* preuent it not in time.

Yet *Nature* droopes, if *pleasure*, in a meane
 Sustaine it not to act *Lifes* tedious *Scene*.

Thus with, nor without *pleasure*, long can we
 Liue as we should, so strongly weakewe be!

Than gracious *Queene* when you reflect vpon
 This light of TRVTH, it will be daie anon
 With darkeſt PASSION, that but *Reason* blinds;
 Then leaue your *Chance* to *Fame*, and *Fortunes* winds
 While you your selfe repose (blow how they please)
 In HONORS *Heau'n* (or' eruling SOROWES Seas!)
 Wherein sits VERTVE throned, *Crown'd* with *Stars*,
 Aboue black *Dai*es, made such by *Clouds* of *Cares*.

There, *Royall Lady*, is their soueraigne SEATE,
 That will, in al *Affronts*, be Good, and Great:
 For, nought is Great on *Earth* but that Great *Minde*
 That's moou'd with nothing great produc'd by
 But, in an *Heau'nly* calme of *Mindes* repose, (KIND!
 Lookes least deiected when it most doth lose.

Than *Mindes* are *Motes*, vnlesse they thinke they bee
 Aboue all *state* and *Fate*, in their degree.

VER-

MVSES TEARES.

VERTVE, as *Soueraigne*, roiall *Minds* still rules;
 But FORTVNE (as a *Slave*) waites most on Fooles.
 This life is but a War-fare 'gainst OFFENCE;
 And either *fortune*, breeds the DIFFERENCE,
 Bee't *Black*, or *Bright*, its cleare, not cleare they are,
 From equall *Danger*, and from equall, *Care*!
Soft-fortune is a *Bog*, or dauncing-*Death*,
 Where soone the carelesse do ingulph their breath!
 Then must the *foote* of sober-care go soft,
 Yet swiftly ouer, to keepe *Life* aloft.
 While high CONTENT, in what so-euer *Chance*,
 Makes the braue *Minde* the *Starres* out-countenance!
 CONTENT, doth feast our *Fates*, which stil is found
 In *Minds*, by *Grace*, (like *Heau'n*) made *Great*, & *Round*:
 What *waue* can surge aboue high'st *Prouidence*
 In *Deluge* of *Distresse*, or *Eminence*?
 What *Leaden-Hap* can fall from aduerse *Fate*,
 To sinke the *Mind* that VERTVE doth Elate?
 If Shethen CENTER be of our *Defence*,
 Be roundest *Vengence* the CIRCVMFERENCE
 It skills not; sith it shall no more annoy
 Than *Hell* the *Man-god* did, who there did ioy!
 Than, let *Fates Snuffes* and *Puffes*, as winds of *Grace*,
 Serene the *Heauen* of your *Maiestick Face* (despight,
 From frowning *Clouds*, condens'd by DEATHS
 To reauce faire VERIVES *Firmament* of light.
 So shall you mount from *West* of *Wo* to th' *East*
 Of GLORIES *Heau'n*; and (*Sunn-like*) light the rest!
 For, such strange *Members NATVRE* neuer bred
 As lie at ease while *Thornes* do *Crowne* their HEAD!
 Entombe your *Passions* in HIS *Passion*, then,
 (To be belou'd of *Angells*, prail'd of *Men*!)

MVSES TEARES.

And, with a roiall-smooth-erected *front*
 Beare vp the CROSSE; and, euer looke vpon't
 As on the only KEY of *Hea'ns fore-gate*,
 That opes it maugree *Enuy, Death, and Fate*:
 For, *Fate* and *Death* our *Nature* doth salute
 Y'er we can breathe on *Blossoms* of LIFE S Fruite.
 Then, if wee flourish afterward, it is
 A grace we merit not, but vse amisse.
 We vse amisse; or (at the best) the Best
 So vse it still, as all the interest (strife;
 Comes from the poorenesse of their *Spirits*, with
 So, but in *Grace*, deserue the loue of Life!
 Yet, *Spirits* of richest temper, are but poore;
 But, in their indigence, abound with store
 Of Heau'nly *Treasures*, which the World doth scorn
 Yet they the brauest *Minde* do most adorne!
 A braue *Spirit* is a *Particle* of HIS
 That's Lord of FATE, Triumvirate of BLISSE!
 And, (as a Flame) she still, by *Nature*, sties
 Where her ORIGINALL reposed lies.
 Than, sacred *Maiesty*, disdaine to vaile
 Thy height to *Nature*, if shee fall to waile:
 Though weeping with thy *Sex* doth best agree;
 Yet *Tears* so drowne the *Raies* of *Maiesty*, (pcepe,
 As, through those troubled streams, when they would
 They, sadly, looke like *Pris'ners* in the deepe.
 But, can a *Mother*, good, as great, forget,
 A SONNE so deere, and not pay *Natures Debt*?
 In *Liquid Pearle*, disbursed by thole *Eyes*
 Where *Maiesty* with *Loue* and *Vertue* lies?
 O! no, She cannot: but She still may minde
 Her *Sonne*, in DEEDE; yet, put the SHEW behinde,
Where

MUSES TEARES.

Where it may neuer shadow GLORIES light,
That, in the *Streames* of *Sorrowe*, sinks her light.

Now (as a *foole*) foole - hardy I haue beene
T'incounter thus, the *Passions* of a QVEENE;
Which commonly are *strong* as is the state
Of those that all but them, predominate!
What is my reach herein? Is it to show
My *Hand*, or *Heart*, or what a *foole* may know?
To pick her *Mouth* of thanks; her *Purse* of coyne:
Or, praise (at least) from her (so charm'd) purloine.
For *Note*, for *Coate*, for *Countenance*, for ought
Like these; or none of these? or, else, for *nought*?
For none of these it is: yet, is it not
For *nought*; but, for Her good, I play the *Sot*.
To make Her (*Sorrie*) *merry*, as I could,
None other-wise than *Grace*, with *Nature*, would
Eu'n for Her selfe: wise - folly telling me
Eu'n for Her selfe, should VERTVE serued be.
Than, if that one of *Gods* Fooles, on his *Face*,
(Most wise in that) may beg, and haue the grace
Of good acceptance of this seruice; he
Will *foole* it, thus, for nothing, till he be
Nothing, that is not some-thing, still to serue
A *Queene*, whome *Fates* did for our weale reserue.
Whose priuat *Wombe*, hath beene the *Fountain*-head,
Whence all the *Issues* of our *Hopes* are lead.
By *Graces* guidance, and by *Natures* might,
Still to refresh the *Red-rose*, and the *White*,
For that, and for thou, sweetest *Eglantine*,
About the *Flow'ers* of all our *Crownes* dost twine
To keepe them from quite falling, (as our owne)
By aduersc Puffs, that else might blow them downe.

MVSES TEARES.

We,(mixt,conioyn'd in *peace* and *vni*ty)
Enshrine thee in our *soules* Infinitie,
Till all good *soules* shall meete,where they shall Rise
To *Glory* in secure FELICITIES.

Here,heavy *Muse*,stoopelow thy high ascent;
And say,in deepenesse of the low'st descent:
Good *Queene*(as it began,your ST ILE defines)
Blesse,with your *Beames* of grace,these gracleffe *Lines*.

FINIS.

